

MIDSUMMER NUMBER.

# THE MISSIONARY HELPER

*Faith and Works Win* —

VOL. XXIV.

AUGUST, 1901.

No. 8.

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
EDITORIAL:—		THE HELPER BRANCH OF THE INTER-	
Working Notes . . . . .	226	NATIONAL SUNSHINE SOCIETY . . . . .	245
Notes from India . . . . .	227	PRACTICAL CHRISTIAN LIVING:—	
IN GENERAL:—		The Still Hour . . . . .	246
"O Ye of Little Faith" ( <i>poetry</i> ) . . . . .	225	"My Father's House" ( <i>poetry</i> ) . . . . .	247
Chandra Lela ( <i>with portrait</i> ) . . . . .	228	Mrs. Tucker's Conversion . . . . .	247
Notes from My Diary.		Where Do You Dwell? . . . . .	249
<i>Celestia Graves Wilson</i> . . . . .	232	WORDS FROM HOME WORKERS:—	
A Brief Study of Africa.		Open Letter from Minnesota . . . . .	250
<i>Rev. Thomas Moody</i> . . . . .	234	Central Ohio, New York . . . . .	250
An Interesting Correction.		Maine, Vermont . . . . .	251
<i>Nellie M. Phillips</i> . . . . .	237	OUR JUNIORS:—	
Attention! <i>Alice M. Metcalf</i> . . . . .	237	God Will Understand ( <i>poetry</i> ) . . . . .	252
FROM THE FIELD:—		"Thank the Lord, and Go To Sleep."	
A Sunshine Message: <i>Nellie M. Phillips</i> . . . . .	238	<i>E. E. Barnes</i> . . . . .	252
At Work in Bombay. <i>Jessie B. Hooper</i> . . . . .	239	An African Baby's Bath . . . . .	253
Treasurer's Notes. <i>L. A. DeMeritte</i> . . . . .	241	A Missionary Prayer . . . . .	253
HELPS FOR MONTHLY MEETINGS:—		Cradle-Roll of Little Light-Bearers . . . . .	254
Topics for 1901 . . . . .	243	Will You? . . . . .	255
September. — Christian Missions in the		CONTRIBUTIONS . . . . .	255
Nineteenth Century . . . . .	243	Form of Bequest . . . . .	256
Missionary Theme . . . . .	244		

Published by the  
Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society  
BOSTON

# The Missionary Helper.

**TERMS: Fifty Cents per year, IN ADVANCE.**

**DISCONTINUANCES.**—We find that a large majority of our subscribers prefer not to have their subscriptions interrupted and their files broken in case they fail to remit before expiration. It is therefore assumed, unless notification to discontinue is received, that the subscriber wishes no interruption in his series. Notification to discontinue at expiration can be sent in at any time during the year.

**PRESENTATION COPIES.**—Many persons subscribe for friends, intending that the paper shall stop at the end of the year. If instructions are given to this effect, they will receive attention at the proper time.

**THE DATE ON WHICH YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES** is printed on each issue opposite your name. Please remit for renewal two weeks before this date. Please give your *exact* address in every letter. When requesting a change, give both the *old* and *new* address. Do not omit the *Mrs.* or *Miss*.

**OLD OR NEW.**—Kindly state when sending in subscriptions whether the name is now on our list, or whether it is a new name to be entered.

Send communications relating to the editorial department to

**MRS. NELLIE WADE WHITCOMB, Editor, Ocean Park, Me.**

Send subscriptions and all matters pertaining to business to

**MRS. ELLA H. ANDREWS, Publishing Agent,**

*122 Vinton Street, Providence, R. I.*

[Entered at the Post-Office at Boston as second-class matter.]

## EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS.

MRS. R. D. LORD.	MRS. EMELINE BURLINGAME CHENEY.	ADELAIDE CILLEY WALDRON.
MRS. FLORA M. KENDALL.		ANNIE LIBBY HAWES.
IDA LORD REMICK.	MRS. MARY R. PHILLIPS, India.	MRS. M. A. W. BACHELDER.
MRS. LOU. M. P. DURGIN.		MISS ELLA L. DARLING.

## PUBLICATION COMMITTEE.

MRS. S. A. PORTER.	MRS. ELLA E. STANTON.	MISS CLARA M. LAW.
MRS. A. W. JEFFERSON.	REV. ELIZABETH MOODY.	MRS. B. A. SHERWOOD.
		MISS LENA S. FENNER.

## Post-Office Addresses of Missionaries.

*† MARY W. BACHELER, M.D. . . .	} Midnapore	MRS. H. C. PHILLIPS . . . . .	} Balasore
† T. W. BURKHOLDER, M.D. . . .		† MISS HATTIE P. PHILLIPS . . . . .	
* MRS. BURKHOLDER . . . . .		† MISS J. J. SCOTT . . . . .	
† MISS E. M. BUTTS . . . . .		REV. GEORGE H. HAMLEN . . . . .	
† MISS L. C. COOMBS . . . . .		MRS. HAMLEN . . . . .	
* REV. E. C. B. HALLAM . . . . .		MISS LIZZIE E. GAUNCE . . . . .	
* MRS. HALLAM . . . . .		REV. E. H. LOUGHER . . . . .	
REV. H. E. WYMAN . . . . .		MRS. E. H. LOUGHER . . . . .	
MRS. WYMAN . . . . .		† SHIRLEY H. SMITH, M. D. . . . .	
REV. H. R. MURPHY . . . . .		GEORGE AGER . . . . .	
MRS. MURPHY . . . . .	MRS. AGER . . . . .		
† MISS EMILIE E. BARNES . . . . .	N ELLIE M. PHILLIPS, M.D. . . . .		
DR. A. L. KENNAN . . . . .	} Bhudruck	MRS. MARY R. PHILLIPS . . . . .	} Chandbali
MRS. A. L. KENNAN . . . . .		REV. M. J. COLDREN . . . . .	
	} Midnapore District.	* MRS. COLDREN . . . . .	
			† Supported by Woman's Missionary Society.

\* Now in this country.







# The Missionary Helper.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, BY THE

FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

MOTTO: *Faith and Works Win.*

---

VOL. XXIV.

AUGUST, 1901.

No 8.

---



## "O YE OF LITTLE FAITH."

A sower sowed his seed, with doubts and fears ;  
"I dare not hope," he said, "for fruitful ears ;  
Poor hath the harvest been in other years."  
Yet ere the August moon had waxen old  
Fair stood his fields, a waving sea of gold :  
He reaped a thousand-fold !

In a dark place one dropped a kindly word ;  
"So weak my voice," he sighed, "perchance none heard,  
Or if they did, no answering impulse stirred."  
Yet in an hour his fortunes were at stake :  
One put a life in peril for his sake !  
Because that word he spake !

"Little I have to give, O Lord," one cried,  
"A wayward heart that oft hath thee denied ;  
Couldst thou with such a gift be satisfied ?"  
Yet when the soul had ceased its mournful plaint,  
God took the love that seemed so poor and faint,  
And from it made a saint !

—Christian Burke, in "Sunday Magazine."

**Working Notes.**—Let us turn to "The Friendly Year" to find what message Henry van Dyke has for our midsummer number. Here it is, a joy note and a working note too: "What does it profit a man to be the landed proprietor of countless acres unless he can reap the harvest of delight that blooms from every rood of God's earth for the seeing eye and the loving spirit? And who can reap that harvest so closely that there shall not be abundant gleanings left for all mankind? The most that a wide principality can yield to its legal owner is a living. But the real owner can gather from a field of goldenrod, shining in the August sunlight, an unearned increment of delight. We measure success by accumulation. The measure is false. The true measure is appreciation. He who loves most has most." . . . While many of our workers are looking forward to General Conference, at Harper's Ferry in September, and to the annual meeting of the W. M. S. at Concord in October, the interest of this month centers at Ocean Park. This might well be called midsummer headquarters since the majority of our national officers have cottages here; much of the year's work is planned at the Park, and here is the editorial home of the HELPER. Several meetings have been held by the executive committee, and the meetings of the board of managers have begun. These small meetings which are but a prelude to the larger ones, are quite as important, and the many of us who do not attend them will not forget them in our prayers. . . . If you were at Ocean Park, you would find our president, Mrs. Davis, at her pleasant cottage, "Fernholme," on Temple Avenue; several vice-presidents on the beach or among the pines; the corresponding secretary and the publishing agent, Mrs. Avery and Mrs. Andrews, on Randall Ave.; the treasurer, Miss DeMeritte, at "Edgemere," on the sea wall; the recording secretary, Mrs. Metcalf, in charming "Little Rhody"; the chairman of the publication committee, Mrs. Porter, on Colby Ave., and the HELPER sanctum at "The Hermitage," Temple Ave. . . . Have you read the "bill of fare" for the Woman's Convention, on the fourth page of cover? . . . Mrs. McKenney, chairman of the Western committee, wishes us to call attention to the change in her address (see Words from Home Workers). The work of our Western field agent cannot be too heartily commended or supported. It is a joy—is it not?—to heed her appeal in the July magazine, "Will not each sister have a part in the work, and go with the agent from church to church in the weeks to come, as your prayers ascend for her and the field and the society for which she works?" . . . Chester D. Salter of Winnebago City, Minn., has set to music the poem "God is Calling Me," by Mary B. Wingate. He found the poem in the MISSIONARY HELPER, and has sent us the music in manuscript, for which we return thanks. . . . Thank-offering and Cradle Roll reports are very encouraging.

**Notes from India** —Dr. Shirley Smith wrote in June: "I have been here at Puri—the center of Hinduism—three weeks, with Mr. and Mrs. Howells (*nee* Beebee Phillips) and Mrs. Mary Phillips. Puri is on the seacoast and so is much cooler than the stations farther inland. It has been very delightful. I have been studying Oriya all the time, but it goes slowly. I shall start Monday, the 3d, for Chandbali, to attend Quarterly Meeting. From there I expect to go to Calcutta to buy drugs and dispensary appliances. After I reach home (Balasore) Miss Gaunce is coming down to spend two weeks, and after she returns I hope to open the dispensary for regular work. Puri is such an interesting place; to think it has been a religious center since 400 B. C.! The pilgrims are beginning to come now for the Car Festival which occurs this month." . . . Mrs. Phillips adds: "How you would write up this old religious Puri if you were here! I cannot tell you anything about it, save that the pilgrims *do not* throw themselves under Jaggernaut's car now; but thousands and thousands of weary mortals will be here, to attend the great festival, some to die on the spot with cholera, some by the roadside, on the return journey, and a few will come again next year." . . . Miss Coombs writes: "Our Midnapore C. E. Society have taken a share in the support of a home missionary, besides their share in the literary work. It isn't a very heavy tax—about forty-five cents a month; but for people whose average wages are only about four dollars a month, including the pastor of the church, it means considerable. This home missionary scheme is a new thing. One of the native preachers feels that he has a call to 'carry the light' to some of the hill tribes, on our western borders, where very few Christians have ever been seen. I do hope he may be able to carry out his good intentions. Mr. Murphy has been chosen president of our society this year, and though he doesn't attempt to speak Bengali yet, many can understand his English and interpret for the others. We had a social in the new Bible School Hall, recently. It was very different from a social at home because *no young ladies were present*. I'm afraid that the C. E.'s in America would not get up much enthusiasm for a social so one-sided as that! However, we managed to have a very pleasant evening with music, dissected pictures, and the magic lantern which Mr. Murphy manipulated, with Miss Butts as explainer of the pictures." To a Portland friend she writes: "Thanks for the sweet little poem you sent. There must be a sameness in the experiences of God's children, else the expressions of one would not so exactly fit the feelings of another. Many a comforting word have I got from my 'Daily Strength for Daily Needs.' It seems to have a wonderful faculty for giving just the right word for the time of need. Mrs. B. has one that is well thumbled and marked. She said she had come to open it with a kind of awe, there had been so many remarkable coincidences of special messages for special needs."

## CHANDRA LELA.

FOR many years there has been a very remarkable woman connected with our mission in India. The story of her life reads like a romance, but it is beautifully true. "Beautifully true," in spite of the long years of wanderings, deprivations, and tortures ; because, heart-hungry for something, she knew not what, and willing to sacrifice all for truth, she at last found Christ and peace and joyful and richly rewarded service. Such results must come to all who seek truth in the same spirit, and with the same self-abnegation, as did Chandra Lela, the subject of this sketch.

Some one has said, "The life of Chandra Lela must prove a tonic to missionary zeal." We will review it very briefly here, hoping that all readers of the *MISSIONARY HELPER* will be inspired to study it more at length as it is reproduced by Mrs. Lee of Calcutta, in the little book entitled "The Converted Fakir,"\* from which we compile the following facts.

More than sixty years ago there was born to the favorite wife of a wealthy land-owner of Nepal, northern India, a little girl who was named Chandra Lela (Playing of the Moonbeams). Her forefathers had been the family priests of the King of Nepal for centuries, the first son in each family falling heir to this sacred and highest position in the kingdom.

At the age of seven, she was married with great pomp and magnificence to a son of another branch of the priesthood ; but two years later her husband died, and she was that most despised of all creatures, a child widow. She remained with her father, who was a learned man and evidently not so bigoted as many a Brahmin, for he taught his little daughter to read her own language and Sanskrit.

When she was thirteen years old, she went with him on her first pilgrimage, a long and weary journey to Jagannath, a sacred shrine in the east of India. Here her father met the fate of many another pilgrim ; but as he was dying, he told her where she could find the wealth left her by her husband. She returned with some fellow pilgrims and spent the following year in the close study of her sacred books, where she learned the story of Hinduism and of the sacred places in India, and how one might even be pardoned for the sin that caused widowhood by visiting and worshiping at the four great shrines, situated at the four cardinal points of India. She determined to do this and everything else laid down in the sacred books. Taking a bag of gold, and accompanied by two of her maid servants, she stole away in the night and began that awful journey in search of God. They were seven days crossing the mountains to the plains. She would walk until she was tired, then hire a bullock cart, for a while ; but always

\* "Chandra Lela, the Converted Fakir," by Mrs. Ada Lee. Sold by Mrs. Fannie Sperry, Mt. Lake Park, Maryland. Cloth, 50 cents ; paper, 25 cents.



CHANDRA LELA.



she counted her sacred beads, and repeated incantations, which she had memorized from the Vedas and other sacred books. She bathed in the sacred rivers' and worshiped at every shrine on the way, making offerings to idols, and gifts to the Brahman priests.

Finally, worn and weary, she again came to the magnificent and world-renowned temple of Jagannath, where she remained until she had done all that was required by the sacred rites. After many weary months of travel, she reached the second of the great shrines of India, Ramanath, near Ceylon, on a small island not far from Madura. Here she worshiped Ram ten days and purchased a small image of him, which she carried with her in all her wanderings, adoring him as her special god.

In those days, travel was exceedingly difficult, but nothing could thwart Chandra Lela in her purpose. So she journeyed on and on, until she came to the third famous temple, Dwarakanath, in the extreme west of India. Here she painted her body with sandal wood and remained fifteen days, worshiping in the temple. From here, she proceeded to the last of the four great shrines, Badrinath, in the extreme north, situated high up amid the snows of the Himalayas. She and her two companions climbed until their bare feet became numb with cold, and cut and bleeding with snow and ice. The air became more piercing every hour. Half dead, they crept along the dangerous path until they touched the sacred spot. She stayed five days until she felt that the god could require no more suffering of a mortal than she had endured. But when they began the descent, the heaviest burden was in her heart. She had been searching for God for seven years, but had not found him yet.

About this time, her servants died of cholera and she was left entirely alone. Her gold, too, was rapidly diminishing, and now she cooked her own food. One day, in company with other pilgrims, she arrived at a place, twenty miles from Midnapore, where was the residence of the king. She attracted attention by refusing offerings of food, and in reply to questions said, "I am trying to find God and deliverance from sin." The king and queen were greatly moved by the story of her sufferings, and she was finally persuaded to remain and be their family priestess, reading the sacred books to them and performing worship for them. She was held in reverence by all. Even the king and queen bowed down and worshiped her. Here she spent seven years in luxury, but she had not found God; so she began her pilgrimage again.

She decided to spend three years in bodily torture, doing herself every cruelty enjoined in the sacred books of the Hindus as pleasing to the gods. She would plead with the idol before her, "If thou art God, reveal thyself to me. Let me see, hear, or feel something by which I may know that I have pleased



thee, and that my great sin is pardoned and I accepted by thee." Ram gave no sign.

At the end of three years of terrible suffering, she went to Midnapore to live. She had seen the greed of the priests and proved them to be liars. Now she gathered up her idols saying, "I will never worship them again. There is nothing in Hinduism or I would have found it." But the God for whom she had been blindly searching was about to reveal himself. The sister of one of her little disciples married and went to live in a part of the city near our mission, where lived Dr. J. L. Phillips. His sister Julia, now Mrs. Burkholder, was then a zenana worker and taught this girl, Parbortee. One day Chandra Lela went to visit her and found her reading Christian books. As a result of her questions, Miss Julia, Mrs. Phillips, and Chandra Lela were brought together, and she heard the Gospel of Christ for the first time. She read the Bible, and soon began to go to the mission house, where she could hear more about this wonderful new religion that had much of love and nothing of torture and penance.

It was from Dr. Phillips that she first heard a sermon. "Oh, what a sermon!" she said. "While I sat listening, my heart was stirred within me, and I felt that I had found that for which I long had sought." After the service, she said to Dr. Phillips, "Sahib, I wish to be baptized." He answered, testing her, "When you become a Christian all your friends will forsake you, and if you get no rice to eat what will you do then?" To which she replied, "God feeds the birds; will he not feed me? God will take care of me, I am not afraid."

On a day never to be forgotten, she was baptized by Dr. Phillips. "No greater privilege could any one covet than to administer the rite which made free from heathenism such a woman."

Since that hour Chandra Lela has devoted her life as ardently and continuously to giving the message of a Saviour to others as she had hitherto devoted it to trying to find the truth herself. She has traveled many miles and addressed thousands of people, never forgetting those directly about her. Mrs. Lee writes: "She preaches in four different languages. Her simple habits, her forgetfulness of self, her intense interest in others, and her great faith in God, are traits of character which seldom blend in one person, and make her life beautiful. . . . The number who have been led to Christ by her will never be known until she receives her crown. . . . Hear Chandra Lela as she says, 'All this I suffered to find God.' What have we done to make him known?"

---

LOVING service is the secret of Christian growth and joy. This truth taken into the life makes it broad, deep, beautiful. Such a life is worth living, because Christ is its center and soul.

## NOTES FROM MY DIARY.

BY CELESTIA GRAVES WILSON.

I HAVE been asked to give the readers of the *HELPER* some items gleaned from my seven years' work among the Freedmen of the South. To me the years were full of interest, but I find it difficult to know what to select that will be of the greatest interest to others.

One day we visited the old slave pen. The yard was perhaps one hundred feet long and sixty wide, and the brick wall twenty feet high. Around the top, broken glass bottles were fastened in cement or mortar, with the broken edges upward. A building opened into the yard where they were sometimes chained in cells. On the other end of the yard was the house where the guards stayed. Anyone having slaves to sell brought them here and left them, and those wishing to buy came here. The auction block was a short distance away where they were taken for public sale. When we were there, a part of the pen was used by an intelligent, fine-looking colored man for a dye house.

To "get religion," they thought they must "go mourning" for months, or even years; must weep and pray at midnight, in the cemetery and other lonely places, and when at last a vision or dream proved to them that their sins were forgiven and they had "come through," their joy was as great as had been their sorrow. As we tried to teach salvation by surrendering all and simply trusting Christ, they were quite inclined to doubt the genuineness of the "quick religion."

They believed much in visions and dreams. And who shall say that the loving Father, who cares so tenderly for all the lowly ones, does not sometimes reveal himself even in this way to those to whom his written Word is a sealed book? There was one in particular who used often to tell us of her "travels." At one time she said: "I found myself on a white horse, ridin' through the air. I never saw such a horse. It could go on water and its feet just cut through the air; and I saw so many other horses like mine, and each had a rider. Then I heard a song. I couldn't see the singer, for the song was sounded through a trumpet, but in the song were the words, 'Thy dress is faith, and thy horse is grace.' I hadn't noticed my dress before, but now I saw it was pure white, and on my forehead and my hands was writing in letters of blood, edged with gold."

Another time she said: "For six weeks I'd not felt the movin' of the Spirit. So I prayed earnestly, and when I rose from my knees, I felt like a new creature. That night I had a vision. A man came to me and said, 'A child goes to its mother and asks for bread because it's bread time, but if it is really hungry, it will ask again and again, and cry for it. So with God's people. They pray from habit, and because it's prayer time, but when the soul really feels its need, it will take no denial.'" As she told us how she was guided, she said, "The Holy

Spirit is the only thing I have to travel by." Another time, "'Pears like I most done got back to the Lord sho' nuff."

Auntie Benard's children were sold away from her, but she and her husband were always sold together. Her definition of the witness of the Spirit was, "The Word and my heart hit together." At one time she prayed, "Lord, trim my soul for heaven. I long not for riches, to be dressed in fine clothes, but for the riches that will admit me to your presence. I want your help, if you please. Give us knowledge, sense, and understanding. Open the do' and full it up. Tech and tender our hearts."

One afternoon we attended a woman's prayer meeting, at one of their own churches, where they had felt but little, if any, of the influence of education. The leader, evidently, could not read, and so one of the large girls lined the hymns, two lines being read at a time. Then one was called on to offer prayer, another hymn was sung, then another prayed, until all had prayed. A petition in one prayer was, "Give me mo' faith that I may pick up my bundle and go on." Another, "Will you come down and step heavy in the camp of Israel?" "Sinner persons are jest gwine on studyin' bout hell." "Thank-ee, my God." "A hell-scairt Christian ain't much of a Christian." "Sometimes we pray, sometimes we moan, and this is the time to m-m-m-," which was followed by a moaning all through the room. The swaying bodies kept time with the singing, which was often accompanied by the pattering of feet. After all had prayed, then came a general hand shaking, including the visitors, and the regular meeting seemed to close.

Then some one began to sing one of their old plantation hymns; others joined. One began to jump and shout, another and another hymn was sung, and the excitement increased, till, finally, fifteen or twenty of the women, ranging from twenty to sixty years old, with their dark faces and white turbans, arranged themselves without seeming effort into a circle, jumping all the while in perfect time and singing the story of the Cross and the raising of Lazarus in these peculiar words, one leading voice singing one line and the rest joining in the refrain:

Takin' away my Jesus, hammering, hammering.  
 Carry 'im in de woods, h—h—  
 Hew dat timber fou' feet square, h—h—  
 Put it on his shoulder, h—h—  
 Den he wagged it up Calvary, h—h—  
 De cross getting heavy, h—h—  
 Simon Rena, Simon 'gin to mutter, h—h—  
 Simon doan' mutter, h—h—  
 Jes' balance de cross, h—h—  
 Now stretch me wide, h—h—

Let the wurl see how free I die, h—h—  
 He died for you an' he died for me, h—h—  
 Now ringin' in the island, h—h—  
 Den de hammer cried out judgment, h—h—  
 Now Mary an' a Martha, my brother is dead, h—h—  
 If yo' had a been here my brother wouldn't died, h—h—  
 Yo' see him agin, h—h—  
 I know I'll see him at de resurrection day, h—h—  
 I am de resurrection, h—h—  
 Where did yo' lay him, h—h—  
 Les' march to de graveyard, h—h—  
 Den he groan in de spirit, h—h—  
 Rise, Lazarus, h—h—  
 Loose him and let him go, h—h—

Contrast this with a meeting of quiet, intelligent, educated worshipers to-day, and know that they are filling acceptably many responsible places; see their well-kept homes and happy families, and we can realize the possibilities of the race. But when we know, also, that in the country places there are still very many about as freedom found them, we can form some idea of the work yet to be done among this people.

*Lowell, Mass.*

#### A BRIEF STUDY OF AFRICA.

BY REV. THOMAS MOODY,  
 American Baptist Kongo Mission.

[From the *Missionary Review of the World*.\*]

AFRICA is roughly divided into North, Central, and South Africa.

1. North Africa is mostly under British and French rule. England has access to the Sudan by way of the Nile from the Mediterranean, and by the Niger from the west coast. This is, roughly speaking, a territory of six thousand square miles, with a population of about sixty millions. France has access to the Sudan by way of Algiers in the Mediterranean, and also from Senegal on the west coast.

A very successful missionary work has been carried on in Egypt by the United Presbyterians. They commenced work in 1860, and from that time to the present the Lord has wonderfully blessed their undertakings. We are told that from the beginning to the present time the church membership has numerically doubled every five years, and they now have in church fellowship five thousand seven hundred persons.

\* Other articles, in the June number of the *Missionary Review of the World*, which are particularly helpful in the study of this country, are "The Need for Industrial Missions in Africa," and "A Native View of Christianity in South Africa." Funk & Wagnalls Co., Publishers, New York.



2. South Africa is a country embracing three million square miles, with about fifty million people. These are mostly under British rule. Portugal holds the east coast and Germany the west coast of this part of the continent. This portion of the country is covered pretty fairly with missions. Nearly all denominations are working here, and are organized into unions and assemblies; besides doing work among the white population, they are also doing some work among the native peoples. Several societies of Europe and America have work in this region.

3. Central Equatorial Africa. Here we have a section of country stretching from ten degrees north of the equator to ten degrees south of it, containing about forty million square miles, and an estimated population of fifty millions. It is the worst section of the world for white men to attempt to live in. This country is occupied by Germany on the east and also on the west coast; the British also are on both coasts. The Portuguese are on the west coast, and also the French are on the west coast and the Kongo. Independent Kongo State is in the center, with the king of the Belgians as its sovereign. Roughly speaking, one out of every three who go from Europe or America to this country dies or returns home; the others are usually able to stay for several years.

The Church of England Missionary Society labors in Uganda, on the east coast, and God has wonderfully blessed the work from the days of Mackay till now. They have passed through persecutions and revolutions and trials of all sorts, but their work has spread as far as Toro, at the south of the Albert Nyanza. There is a church there now of five hundred and sixty-three members, where five years ago there was not a single Christian. This work was started by the Uganda native evangelists. At the present time they have over two hundred out-stations and seven thousand church members. This work was begun in 1876, as the result of Stanley's letter to the *London Times* and the *New York Herald*, in which he appealed for some godly, practical missionaries to come out and teach king Umteza and his people the way of life.

The British Congregationalists are laboring at Lake Tanganyika, and the American Congregationalists at Benguela, on the west coast. The British Wesleyans have a grand work at Sierra Leone, where they have labored for years, and now they have one hundred and fifty out-stations and twenty thousand church members. The Basel Missionary Society is laboring at Lagos and Cameroons, where they have ninety-seven missionaries and eight thousand church members.

In all Africa there are two hundred missionary societies at work, and they enroll half a million church members and a half million adherents.

4. The Kongo Independent State. Here we have a section of country of

a million square miles, or as large as the United States east of the Mississippi River, with about twenty million inhabitants. The following is the missionary force working there: English Baptist, missionaries 45, church members 500; Kongo Bololo Mission, missionaries 25; Free Church, Sweden, missionaries 25, church members 1500; Christian and Missionary Alliance, missionaries 10; Southern Presbyterian, U. S. A., missionaries 10, church members 200; Disciples of Christ, missionaries 5; American Baptist Missionary Union, missionaries 30, church members 2900.

These stations stretch from the mouth of the Kongo to Stanley Falls, a distance of fourteen hundred miles inland. Between Stanley Falls and Toro is a distance of four hundred miles before we have another link in the chain of missions across Africa.

The Congregationalist Bololo missionaries are working on the Lulunga River, the Southern Presbyterians on the Kassai. Both these rivers are on the right bank of the Kongo, and empty into it far in the interior.

God has wonderfully blessed these Kongo missions. Their work was only begun in 1878, the year following Stanley's descent of that mighty river, and now, in that country where life was not safe, there are Christian towns—towns which are as Christian as any we can find in America; and all this has been brought about in the last few years! We thank God and take courage, knowing that he that has blessed, will bless.

A word more about the Sudan and the northern portion of the Kongo. Here we have a vast country occupied by European governments and traders, yet up to the present the missionary has not entered it. Here is a vast territory of four million square miles, a country as large as our own, all open and waiting for the Gospel. How long shall they be kept waiting? Ethiopia is stretching out her hands unto God, and shall we not embrace this opportunity? For four hundred years Europe and America stole Africans and made them slaves. At the present Europe has possession of eleven-twelfths of all Africa; only Liberia and Abyssinia are left. Do we not owe them something—the best thing we have, the Gospel of the Son of God?

---

ARE we still to learn that the smiles of the world are even more pernicious to the soul than its frowns? Its smiles, like a soporific draught, soothe the soul into a fatal security; its frowns drive us to God.—*Erskine Neale*.

---

“EVERY child that is born into the world forms part of the scheme of the universe. His young life is the germ out of which the life of his manhood and old age will develop. The end depends on the beginning.”



## AN INTERESTING CORRECTION.

I CLIP the following from the *Indian Witness*, a Methodist paper published in Calcutta :

"A writer in the MISSIONARY HELPER says, 'The Free Baptist denomination sustains—so far as the writer has been able to learn—the only Christian kindergarten in the vast empire of India.' Bless that writer's dear heart—and we are sure she will be glad to learn, there are scores of kindergartens connected with missions in India."

As the editor says, I am sure the writer of the very interesting article on "Kindergartens in Heathen Lands" will rejoice to read of the "scores" in India.

I meet Methodist missionaries, occasionally, and from all I have either seen or heard of their work it has never occurred to me that it would be easy to catch them napping. These good people who are conducting, in heathen lands, their elementary schools by the thousands, and their colleges, their theological schools, their hospitals and dispensaries, in less numbers; their printing presses in many languages—who are generously enriching these languages by their translations and original work, as well; who have in charge their armies of teachers, colporteurs, and preachers, whose "Expansion Policy" gives them no rest till the latest opened door is entered,—these people—and we all thank God for it—have not, neither have many others of Protestant denominations, forgotten the little ones, nor overlooked this most important auxiliary to mission work. So, while we rejoice in the beginnings of our own work for these children, we are thankful that others with wider opportunities and more abundant resources have exceeded us.

NELLIE M. PHILLIPS.

---

 ATTENTION!

IT will be of interest to our women who are planning to go to Harper's Ferry, to know that the Woman's Missionary Society, and the board as well, will hold meetings at that time. The usual board work will be done at Ocean Park during the summer, and at a special meeting of the society, committees on resolutions and nominations will be appointed. The committees will be composed of both Eastern and Western women.

It is especially desirable that the work of these committees shall be done at Harper's Ferry preparatory to annual meeting, which will be held at Concord, N. H. Notices of all these meetings will appear in the *Morning Star*.

ALICE M. METCALF, *Rec. Sec.*

---

THE more a man claims to be happy, the less it counts for the Lord, if he never smiles when he goes to church.



## from the field.

### A SUNSHINE MESSAGE.

I KNOW how disappointing it is to home friends—to anyone, indeed—to fail of receiving recognition for a kindness done. My sunshine bag was unfortunately in one of Dr. Smith's boxes that went astray and was very late in reaching me. It was not till this morning, while still in bed nursing a grudgingly departing fever, that I finally took more than the first hasty glance at mine, read the sisterly

message, and enjoyed the little tokens so kindly sent me.

This evening I write to thank those who remembered me, and to tell you that mother and I have fled from the sunshine. It is all very good, in its way; the same, however, could be said of fresh air and pure water. Yet I can hardly imagine a person shipwrecked in an Atlantic gale naming any organization for the promotion of the milder Christian graces after either the winds or the waves. One likes her mercies dealt out by measure, you know. So, while I have perfect sympathy with the purposes of the I. S. S. society, I hope none of its members

will think the worse of me because, after twenty years' residence on India's burning plains, I have finally taken my mother and fled for my life one thousand miles from home.

We are still within King Edward's domains, and are enjoying the charms of scenery, and the bracing atmosphere of the Himalayas, at Landour. You will find it on the map just north of Saharanpore, only a few miles from Hardwar, a famous place of pilgrimage, where thousands of Hindus assemble annually to worship Gāṅga Ma (the Ganges) at the point where she issues from the Himalayas. It was a long journey for mother, whose 83d birthday occurred just after our arrival here. She is now, I suppose, the eldest missionary in India. The Bachelers were among the last of her associates to enter into their rest, and she sometimes looks longingly forward to the final earthly experience which shall reunite her with the many she has loved. In the meanwhile, she keeps up her interest wonderfully in everything about her. Just now she sits by the east window. Beside her is her workstand, on which are a glass of fragrant wild white-roses, her little clock, her Bible, her papers, and her workbasket. All of these, with the views of light and shadow over mountain and valley in their constantly changing beauty, as she sees them through her open window, serve to occupy her thought, as she waits for her summons to that more beautiful country. It was here that Brother James had his last illness. And his resting-place is here.

My letter is growing very long for the sunshine department. I will only add that I am sending by post a small package of cards of Indian ferns and mosses, hoping they may reach some invalid, shut away from the enjoyment of out-door life. They will show her some of the beautiful forms our Indian sunshine takes, as it distils through the foliage of palms, mangoes, and our tall cactus hedges.

Yours with gratitude for admission to the sunshine circle,

NELLIE M. PHILLIPS.

---

#### AT WORK IN BOMBAY.

(Letter from Miss Hooper.)

DEAR SISTER :

The months since we met in Fredericton have not been idle ones. From the Himalayas to Bombay, through disaster, plague, and pestilence, and in famine fields where so many have fallen, the Lord has so wonderfully preserved my life. For months I've had the privilege of caring for famine children. The last few months it has been my special work to care for the spiritually famine-stricken.

Bombay is the "Hub" of the East; sometimes I say the "Hub" of the world, for every nationality on the globe is here. There is no end of opportunity for reaching souls here. One feels bewildered to know "where shall I go first to-day?" It is simply impossible to respond to all the calls for help. Often I

feel the better way is to "enter the closet" and shutting the door just tell Jesus to visit the souls by his Spirit.

Yesterday the nurse led me through the many wards of a native hospital in search of a dying man who was anxious about his soul. Alas, he had passed into eternity before we got there! A patient in another large hospital, dying alone without friends, sends for us. A young Jew—with whom we have talked about Jesus—as we pass says, "When are you coming again?" A Greek sailor cannot speak English, so we open a Greek Testament and put it in his hands. He is pleased as a child would be with a picture-book, and seems lost to all else but the book. Thank God for this interpreter in every tongue. In the next hospital a young Russian Jewess, only twenty two, tells us her sad story. Her arms, neck, and fingers glitter with elegant jewels. The tears roll down her cheeks, as she says, "All these jewels do not make me happy; I care not what becomes of me. Oh, I am so unhappy!"

Surely God will yet avenge these "white slave girls"—slaves on British soil, too! How my heart aches, and I pray God to break the chains forged and clasped by white fiends in other lands. They are not all "daughters of our late Queen," for a few yards from here is a young girl from New York only a few months in the country and with no knowledge of the language. Where would she go, even though she could escape through the carefully guarded gate? Twice we got in, and are praying for another chance. We do not mind being dragged out if we can only whisper the message of salvation and the way of escape. There are days when the Spirit makes intercession for these souls with groanings which cannot be uttered.

I remember the white face of dear mother as she bade me good-by. Too brave to weep, she simply clasped me to her breast saying, "I shall miss you, Jessie, but I give you up for the sake of the women of India. If I were young I would go myself." May her brave farewell make me more earnest to rescue the girls of sorrowing mothers in many lands who wait and long for the return of their dear girls.

"How mother love its watch will keep,  
While all around are wrapped in sleep."

It may seem a contradiction when I tell you, that in the midst of disease, death, and sad sights of every kind, I am happy and hopeful, trusting "our Father" for all things and proving he answers prayer. The moist heat of Bombay is just now the most trying Indian climate I've ever been in. Am so thankful to be kept well and daily at work through it all. May God continue to bless you in his work.

Ever yours in Him,

JESSIE B. HOOPER.

*Bombay, India, June 6, 1901.*



## TREASURER'S NOTES.

IN spite of the hot days in June—even Ocean Park seemed never so hot before—the receipts have been larger than one year ago. I think I have received to-day the largest check from Maine that the State treasurer has ever sent to me. It does temper the heat amazingly to have the mind free, and nothing makes your treasurer lighter-hearted than to know the treasury is in a condition to meet the needs. Such was the case May 31, with good prospects for the future at the present time. Let us all, *in spirit*, be grateful.

As is my usual custom I give, in the August Notes, the thank-offering, to date, by States. I regret that it cannot be complete, for certainly one of the largest in Rhode Island and one in Massachusetts are not yet received, and, I fear, some of the money sent to me is for the thank-offering, but not so specified, like \$40 from Winnebago City, Minn.; \$42 Topsham, and \$35.50 West Bowdoin, both of Maine. As reported the offering stands as follows: Maine, \$387.96; New Hampshire, \$279.57; Minnesota, \$88.51; Rhode Island, \$66.13; Massachusetts, \$63.02; Michigan, \$51.52; Iowa, \$28.75; New York, \$25.88; Vermont, \$15.30; California, \$10; Ohio, \$5.58; Illinois, \$4. Total to date, \$1026.22.

I should like to mention every auxiliary and church that have observed the thank-offering, as I am sure a good many have entered into the spirit of it, and, very likely, a smaller offering may represent larger proportionate giving. This year, the same as for the two preceding years, the Acton and Milton Mills church, Maine, leads all others in the size of its thank-offering; in New Hampshire, the Laconia church; in Massachusetts, the Paige St., Lowell; in Vermont, North Danville; in Rhode Island, Elmwood Avenue, Providence; in New York, Poland; in Michigan, Hillsdale; in Minnesota, Minneapolis; in Iowa, Spencer, and in Illinois, Murphysboro.

The remittance from Iowa was not received in May, partly on account of illness, but it appears in the June receipts. Our Sunshine friends in Santa Ana, Cal., have remembered us with a thank-offering, as have several individuals in other States. I regret that Vermont has lost two such valuable workers as its president, Mrs. Blake, and Mrs. Waterman. But if we trust, I do not believe God allows the work to suffer because of the "vacant chairs." With such a valuable missionary to support as is Dr. Shirley Smith, and with women in the various churches ready to help, I trust for a strong rallying of forces, this fall, around some woman whom God calls to the presidency. Let all the women of Vermont pray for this woman. During June Miss Barnes's salary has received several contributions, the Roll of Honor is slowly getting back to its former size, and four have been added to the Cradle-Roll—Lakeport, N. H.; North Anson, Me.; Lincoln, Ia.; and Winnebago City, Minn.

The N. H. Yearly Meeting seems to be treated either to very hot weather or heavy storms — one of the heaviest summer storms that I ever saw coming when the Y. M. was in Dover. This year it was hot, but not so warm as to prevent a crowd. The woman's meetings began with business, on Tuesday afternoon, with the president, Mrs. Getchell, in the chair; other business meetings followed on Wednesday and Thursday, with always enough women present to show real interest in the work. The church was crowded at the public meeting on Wednesday afternoon. There was first a roll-call of officers, who responded with papers or talks on various phases of missionary work, followed by an address by Dr. Mary Bacheler, who gave some interesting comparisons between fifty years ago and now in our field in India. There is an unwritten law in the W. M. S. of New Hampshire that the presidency shall be changed every third year, and so Mrs. Getchell came to the meeting with her plans so made as to prevent her yielding to the desire of the workers to have her continue the office another year, which she has so acceptably filled. After much urging, Mrs. M. G. Osgood consented to take the vacant place, showing once again how true she is to the W. M. S. of New Hampshire. Mrs. Getchell is vice-president at large, and our bright young friend, Miss Agnes Collins, is corresponding secretary. With these and Miss Ella Hurd, the long-trying and much loved recording secretary, and Mrs. M. F. Jordan, the able treasurer, New Hampshire has a working force that promises much for the future. The new State agent of the MISSIONARY HELPER, Mrs. Palmeto, with the counsel of the State society, plans to increase its subscription list, and it is hoped every Q. M. and local agent will rally to her support. Two of the loyal workers in the State have passed through the open doorway into another life, during the past year—Mrs. Wilson of Gonic, who was connected with Cradle-Roll work, and Mrs. Fitch of Charmingfare, who had an adopted child in Sinclair Orphanage. If they only can follow, in the other life, the work they have begun in Christ's name in this, how comforting it must be. But is there any "if" about the possibility of continuous living to all who are finding here the beginnings of life in Christ?

Can it be possible that this is my last opportunity of appealing for the work before another financial year closes! Where do the years go? But, surely, with Aug. 31 the present financial year ends. So will not every auxiliary collect and remit all dues, every one who can meet personal pledges in full, and State officers exert a strong influence in favor of the State apportionment being met by Aug. 31? We shall probably face toward increased appropriations another year. Will not some one strengthen our courage in this direction by giving us a large gift before Aug. 31? I hope this question will arrest the attention of some one who can and is willing to give *liberally* for the work of women and children in India, and for Storer College.

There will be several meetings of the board at Ocean Park in August, several meetings of the board and society at Harper's Ferry in September, and the annual meeting at Concord, N. H., in October. Great wisdom will be needed in all these gatherings. Shall we not all seek it from the only Source of wisdom? How much finite sight needs to be supplemented by Infinite Insight?

*Ocean Park, Me., July 2.*

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, *Treas.*



# Helps for Monthly Meetings.

## TOPICS FOR 1901.

**January—Consecration and Review.**

**February—Prayer and Praise.**

**March—Christian Missions in the 19th Century :**

1. Awakening and Beginnings.

**April—** 2. The Century in India.

**May—Thank-Offering.**

**June—** 3. The Century in China.

**July—** 4. The Century in Japan.

**August—Outing.**

**September—** 5. The Century in Africa.

**October—Roll-call and Membership Meeting.**

**November—"Missionary Helper" Rally.**

**December—** 6. Opportunities and Coming Conflict of the 20th Century.

---

## SEPTEMBER.—CHRISTIAN MISSIONS IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

### V.—THE CENTURY IN AFRICA.

- I. Map Exercise for Location of all Missions.
- II. Africa a Hundred Years Ago.
- III. Stories of Some of the Principal Missions.
  - (a) Uganda Church Missionary Society.
  - (b) Livingstonia Mission Character Sketch—A Hero of Ngoni Land.
  - (c) Zulu Mission of the American Board.
  - (d) Some West Africa Missions.
    1. Gaboon Mission of the American Presbyterians.
    2. Gongo Mission of the American Baptists.
    3. Congo-Balolo Mission (English).
    4. The Life and Work of Bishop Crowther.

### REFERENCES.

1. *Life and Light for Woman* for September, 1900. 704 Congregational House, Boston.
2. "Christian Missions and Social Progress," by Rev. James S. Dennis. Published by F. H. Revell & Co.
3. (a) "Biography of Alexander Mackay." Published by A. C. Armstrong & Co., New York City. (b) "Tropical Africa," by Mr. Henry Drummond, pp. 40-48; also *Missionary Herald* for January, 1898, p. 27, and September, 1898, pp. 362, 363. Biography Dr. William Affleck Scott. Published by Revell & Co. Hero of Ngoni Land. (c) "Historical Sketch"; "Forty Years among the Zulus," by Rev. Josiah Tyler, 14 Beacon Street, Boston. (d) (1) "A Life for Africa," "Rev. A. C. Good," by Miss Ella Parsons. Obtained, 156 5th Avenue, New York City. (2) "Pioneering on the Congo," by Bentley. Religious Tract Society, London; also Pamphlets of American Baptist Missionary Union, Tremont Temple, Boston. (3) Files of magazine "Regions Beyond." Obtained of Fleming H. Revell & Co., New York, or of Harley House. Bow, E., London. (4) "Biography of Samuel Crowther," F. H. Revell & Co.—*Prepared by Committee for United Study of Missions.*

## MISSIONARY THEME.

"A laudable ambition." See Rom. 15: 20.

1. *A great privilege—to preach the Gospel.*

The Gospel—God's message to men. 1 Pet. 1: 25.

It is the glorious Gospel. 2 Cor. 4: 4.

By it men are born again. 1 Cor. 4: 15.

It is the Gospel of salvation. Eph. 1: 13.

Angels could tell of the birth of Jesus. Luke 2: 10.

Men must tell of his death. 1 Cor. 1: 23, 24.

Men must witness to his resurrection. 2 Tim. 2: 8.

2. *A great purpose—to carry the Gospel to needy fields.*

This is the key to the ministry of Jesus. Isa. 61: 1.

This is the command of Jesus. Acts 1: 8.

This was the habit of the early church. Acts 8: 4.

This was Paul's great ambition. 2 Cor. 10: 15, 16.

3. *A great principle—laying the foundation yourself.*

Apostolic work was pioneer work.

There is still opportunity for apostolic succession and apostolic success.

4. *At great privation—striving to have a share in pioneer work.*

It would be a deprivation not to have the privilege.

Pioneer fields are precious fields.

Great purposes are carried out at great sacrifices.

Where the fight is fiercest, the opportunity for promotion is greatest.

Paul knew what was before him. Acts 9: 15, 16; 20: 23.

We too may be called to suffer. Phil. 1: 29.

We should glory in it. Rom. 5: 3.

Rejoice in being counted worthy. Acts 5: 41.

So let us all strive.

Striving together in prayer. Rom. 15: 30.

Striving for the faith of the Gospel. Phil. 1: 27.

—T. C. Horton, in *South American Messenger*.

---

HERE I am, Lord, send me—send me to the ends of the earth; send me to the rough and savage pagans of the wilderness; send me from all that is called comfort in the earth; send me even to death itself, if it be but in thy service and to promote thy kingdom.—*David Brainerd*.

---

"NEVER fear to bring the sublimest motive to the smallest duty, and the most infinite comfort to the smallest trouble."

# The Missionary Helper Branch of the International Sunshine Society.

Have you had a kindness shown?  
Pass it on.  
'Twas not given for you alone—  
Pass it on.

Let it travel down the years,  
Let it wipe another's tears,  
Till in heaven the deed appears,  
Pass it on.

ALL letters, packages, or inquiries concerning this page, or Sunshine work, should be addressed to Mrs. Rivington D. Lord, 232 Keap St., Brooklyn, N. Y., president of this branch.

Although the hot season is here, and this is the vacation month, yet we are glad to report that the Sunshine work is still going on. The members of the HELPER Branch are passing on good cheer, as the following will show:

Mrs. Augusta Fleisher has sent sunshine into many lives by her gifts of house-plants, papers, and books. She wishes to notify her pen friends that she has changed her post-office address to Meadville, Pa.

Mary Ashley, one of our young helpers, who is doing much to help on the I. S. S., has sent in a beautiful booklet and fancy card.

Mrs. L. A. Lerner and Mrs. N. L. Abbey have sent back numbers of the HELPER for the president's use.

Mrs. M. E. Preble very kindly responds to the requests for Sunshine letters published in our Sunshine news.

Mrs. W. A. Morrill has given a year's subscription of the *Household*. A Massachusetts member reports that her Sunshine work just now is writing cheery letters to the aged members of a parish where her deceased husband formerly labored.

Mrs. Anna L. Carll, a new member, is passing on as dues the *Morning Star*, *Young People's Weekly*, and *MISSIONARY HELPER*.

Mrs. E. L. Ashton, a new shut-in member, reports, through her sister Mrs. W. L. Dow, as dues a kindly act for a neighbor in caring for an infant child on each Sunday while the mother attends church.

Letters from two of our missionaries, Dr. Nellie M. Phillips and Miss L. C. Coombs, bring words of thanks and appreciation for good cheer received through the Sunshine bags.

One of our invalid members, Miss Carrie E. Kirk, 43 South Florence St., Melrose, Mass., is in need of cheery letters as she has been passing through great suffering, having been in the Malden hospital for a number of weeks.

Once more we invite our members to a birthday letter party on Aug. 11; we hope many will accept as it is the 89th anniversary of one who in a quiet way is doing much to spread the Gospel, and is constantly helping others on in their Christian living. Address Mrs. E. V. S. Webster, 11 Landers St., Somerville, Mass.

We are pleased to note that one of our leading F. B. pastors, the Rev. Dr. A. T. Salley of Lewiston, Me., preached a special Sunshine sermon to his people recently. Many clergymen are holding an annual Sunshine service. These services have proved to be of much practical help, both to the cause and to the churches. Our I. S. S. has seven regularly appointed Sunshine chaplains.

"Let us weed out from our superfluity and see that others enjoy what we can easily spare."

# Practical Christian Living.

*Practical Christian living is "to condense and crystallize into the uses of daily life the teachings of Christ."*

## THE STILL HOUR.

For O but the world is fair, is fair;  
And O but the world is sweet!

I will out in the gold of the blossoming mold,  
And sit at the Master's feet.

And the love my heart would speak,  
I will fold in the lily's rim,

That the lips of the blossom, more pure and meek,  
May offer it up to him.

Then sing in the hedgerow green, O thrush,

O skylark, sing in the blue;

Sing loud, sing clear, that the King may hear,

And my soul shall sing with you!

—Ina Donna Coolbrith.

*How shall we make religion winsome?* In the first place, by realizing the need and propriety of making it winsome. Some people seem to think there is no occasion for any effort in this direction, that religion is sufficiently winsome in itself, or, if not, that there is something out of taste, if not morally culpable, in trying to make it seem so. But certainly it is our privilege to do what we can to lead others to realize that the religious life is a happy life, a life of gladness and reward. So long as we do not misrepresent the truth, and do not put before anyone the rewards of the Gospel as the chief incentive to be Christians, we shall do no harm.

How, then, can religion be made winsome? Chiefly in this life by revealing it as a means of doing good. It is in accord with the profoundest philosophy, as well as with the widest experience, that there is no such happiness as that which springs from the effort to benefit others in some practical manner. It is quite true that many people who are laboring to do good do not seem, and perhaps are not, especially happy. That does not alter the fact. He who sees in his neighbor a brother in Christ, and who for the love which he bears to Christ puts himself out in order to be helpful to that brother, always finds a spring of gladness bursting out in his heart as out of the rock which Moses smote.

The spirit which imparts self-sacrifice, fellow-feeling, sympathy, and out-reaching toward others in hearty looking for their best welfare, that makes religion seem winsome. It is something which he who lacks it wants to possess. It satisfies his sense of the fitness of things. It is a kind of religion which he believes to be genuine and inviting. To make religion attractive, therefore, cultivate and illustrate all the sweet, gentle, uplifting qualities which Christianity suggests. Let it be seen that Christ is an attractive Master to you, that his service is perfect delight as well as perfect freedom. That will aid you to win others to join you in serving him.—*The Congregationalist.*

**"MY FATHER'S HOUSE."**

The Father's house has many rooms,  
And each is fair;  
And some are reached through gathered glooms  
By silent stair;  
But he keeps house, and makes it home,  
Whichever way the children come.

Plenty and peace are everywhere  
His house within;  
The rooms are eloquent with prayer,  
And dear hearts, tilled with love, are glad,  
Forgetting that they once were sad.

The Father's house is surely thine,  
Therefore why wait;  
His lights of love through darkness shine,  
The hour grows late.  
Push back the curtain of thy doubt,  
And enter—none will cast thee out!

—*Marianne Farningham.*

**MRS. TUCKER'S CONVERSION.**

IT was Saturday afternoon, and Mrs. Tucker was very tired. Life was hard at best—only a tedious routine of wearisome duties; but on this particular afternoon the closing of the week's work pressed very heavily upon her.

As she passed wearily back and forth from stove to ironing table, and from table back to stove, the easy lives of many of her friends and neighbors came to her mind; and her thoughts grew hard and bitter as the contrast forced itself upon her. Down the lane and across the doorstep came the sound of hurrying feet, and an eager voice cried, "Oh, Mrs. Tucker, can Sallie go with us to the mission band?"

Mrs. Tucker raised her eyes, and saw standing in the doorway three little girls.

"Mission band! I'd like to know what's a mission band?" she demanded sharply.

"Why," spoke out the bolder of the three, "it's lots of us children all together working and sewing for heathen folks. We bring our pennies to Miss May for them, and she says it's giving to Jesus. We have just the nicest time—do let her go."

"Oh, mother," and Sallie's brown eyes looked appealingly into her mother's face, "please say I may—do let me."

Mrs. Tucker slowly folded the garment she had ironed, and hung it in its place before she answered.

"No, she can't. I can give her all the sewing she wants at home, and



we've got nothing to give to the Lord. He don't give to us. So go along, and tell Miss May that Sallie Tucker's better set to work."

"My!" said Lulu Strong as they gained the safety of the street, "wasn't she cross! And Sallie was just crying. I'm so glad she isn't my mother."

"I'm very sorry," said gentle Susie Earl, "that Sallie could not come. But we'll tell Miss May about it, and I'm sure she will pray that God will make her mother willing, and find something to give him, too."

When Mrs. Tucker, the hard day's work at last completed, toiled wearily upstairs, she found her little daughter seated upon the top stair, while about her on the floor were scattered all her childish treasures.

"What on earth, child," exclaimed her mother, "is all this clutter for? What are you trying to do?"

"Why, mother," chirruped the sweet child's voice, "I am looking to find something to give to Jesus."

"Give to Jesus! What do you think the Lord wants of such stuff as this?"

"But, mother," she explained, and her voice grew unsteady, and the bright eyes filled with tears, "my teacher said anything we give to him he would like it, and if we gave what we loved best it pleased him most; and this is what I love most, my wax doll and my birthday book. Won't he take it, mother? Can't I give him anything?"

"Sallie Tucker," and her mother's voice was cold and stern, "you just put this notion out of your head. You don't know what giving to the Lord means. Put this trash away. When the Lord remembers us with some of his plenty 'twill be time enough to give to him, I reckon."

. . . . .

It was the afternoon of the woman's quarterly missionary meeting in the Shadyville Baptist church. Mrs. Gray, the minister's wife, came to the vestry with a sad heart. She knew too well the character of these gatherings. A few ladies came together in a listless, apathetic way, a few lifeless prayers were offered, a little business disposed of; and the ladies went to their homes wondering why there wasn't more interest in missions. Mrs. Tucker wasn't in the habit of attending the missionary meeting; so when she came into one this afternoon, the ladies present looked at each other in surprise. Mrs. Gray read the psalm and offered prayer, and then came the usual dead silence.

Presently Mrs. Tucker rose to her feet, and in a voice shaken with emotion said:

"I s'pose you're all astonished to see me here, but the truth of the matter is, I've got something to say to you, which can't half be told in words, neither. You all know my little Sallie has been sick, but I don't s'pose none of you know



what that sickness has been to me. You see the children wanted her to go to the mission band, but I was tough and cranky, and dead set ag'in' anything of the kind, an' told her in the crossest way she couldn't go. She'd heard somethin' about giving to Jesus, and laid out her best doll and book; an' I laughed at it, an' told her the Lord didn't want her trash. Well, she took sick, an' got sicker an' sicker, till my heart stood still with the fear o' losing her. She was out of her head, you know, and every time I come near the bed she'd start right up an' say: 'Oh, can't I give him anything? Don't he want my dolly? O mother, mother, can't I go?' till I just thought my heart would break in two. Everywhere I looked I could see her eyes with such a beseechin' look in 'em, and hear her voice callin', 'Mother, mother, can't I give him *anything*?' till at last I went down on my knees all broke up like, and I sez: 'Lord, I'm a poor, ungrateful sinner, and I've been a-withholding from you all these years, but if there's anythin' I can give you, won't you please take it? Even my little girl and everything I've got I just lay down.' Well, my sisters, I cried an' cried as I hain't for years; and it wasn't all for sorrow, neither; there was a great, deep joy in it all. And I come here to-day to tell you that I just give myself and all I've got to the Lord's work. I'm fairly converted to missions, and if the Lord will only take the poor, miserable offerin' I've got to give, and use me roughshod in his work, I'd really be only too thankful. Why, my sisters, I'm the happiest woman on earth, and it's all owin' to the blessed child and the children's band."

With one accord the ladies present sank upon their knees, while from awakened tender hearts went up earnest vows of consecration. And Mrs. Gray wended her way homeward with lightened, grateful heart, saying softly to herself, "And a little child shall lead them."—*Helen E. Crosby, in Home Missionary Echo.*

---

#### WHERE DO YOU DWELL?

ISAAC dwelt by the well Lahai-roi. Gen. 25: 11. Isaac dwelt there, and made the well of the living and all-seeing God his constant source of supply. The usual tenor of a man's life, the dwelling of his soul, is the true test of his state. Let us learn to live in the presence of the living God; let us pray the Holy Spirit that this day, and every other day, we may feel, "thou, God, seest me." May the Lord Jehovah be as a well to us, delightful, comforting, unfailing, springing up into eternal life. The bottle of the creature cracks and dries up, but the well of the Creator never fails. Happy is he who dwells at the well, and so has abundant and constant supplies near at hand. Glorious Lord, constrain us that we may never leave thee, but dwell by the well of the living God.—*Spurgeon.*

## Words from Home Workers.

### OPEN LETTER FROM MINNESOTA.

DEAR SISTERS IN THE WEST :

Let us bear in mind that in order to keep Miss Moody in the field, we must raise \$100 in our Western States and it must be sent as *special* on the \$100, in order to meet the conditions on which the general society increased its appropriation for Miss Moody's salary. In other words, if you want to help the general society raise the \$300, send your money for Western work or for Miss Moody's salary ; but if you want your money to help on the \$100 to be raised in the West, so state it when sending your money to me, as Western treasurer, and it will be so applied. We trust each auxiliary in the West will help a little on the \$100, in order that we may be able to meet the conditions of the general society.

MRS. A. A. MCKENNEY, *Chairman of Western Com.*

776 West Mark St, Winona, Minn.

CENTRAL OHIO.—The 31st annual session of this body of Free Baptists met with the Green Camp church, June 6-8. The attendance was large, interest good, and all business harmoniously transacted. At 3 P. M., Friday, the Woman's Missionary Society held a large and enthusiastic meeting. Very encouraging reports were read as regards our work in various parts of the field. Mrs. Rev. R. W. Chamberlin was elected president, Mrs. Mary Welch secretary, and Mrs. Ruby Emerson treasurer. Following the election, Rev. Mr. Sutton gave charge to officers ; Rev. Mr. Barnard charge to societies represented ; and Rev. Mr. Thompson offered consecrating prayer, all of which was impressive and appropriate. Excellent selections were read by Mrs. Rev. Sutton, Mrs. Dyson Shoots, Mrs. Stewart, and others, interspersed with good vocal and instrumental music. The evening session was also taken up by the mission society. Other selections were read and recited, after which Mrs. Rev. Chamberlin delivered an able sermon, which was listened to by a large audience with marked attention. Then came a good collection for mission work. It was decided, by resolution, that one lady be appointed in each Q. M. to visit all churches, "and stir up their pure minds by way of remembrance" as regards our duty to missions, and all necessary expense of said person be paid out of funds collected, and that the churches be notified two weeks before such visit is made. Our missionary interest is good throughout the entire Yearly Meeting.

(MRS.) J. A. SUTTON.

NEW YORK.—The Spafford Q. M. met with the Fabius church, June 7, and we held our woman's missionary meeting Saturday evening. Miss Sarah A.

Robinson gave an interesting missionary address. Our society is small, but we know "faith and works win," so we will do what we can gladly. Our secretary, Mrs. Hattie Mosher, came thirty miles to visit us. Though we sow in tears we shall reap in joy.

(MRS.) ANNE S. D. BATES.

MAINE (*Georgetown*).—If I may be allowed a little of your valuable space, I would like to tell the sisters something about our thank-offering service, held Sunday evening, June 2, hoping thus to extend a word of cheer and encouragement to some of the smaller auxiliaries. Our auxiliary has a membership of only twelve, but we are greatly blessed in that our president is an enthusiastic, devoted, Christian woman who has a genuine love for missionary work. The weather was unpleasant the evening of the T. O. service; there was a small congregation, and only four members of the auxiliary were able to be present. The program consisted of singing, prayers, responsive reading, recitation and singing by the children—six girls and one boy, remarks by the pastor, readings, collection of envelopes, reading of inclosed texts, and announcement of amount of collection. Two little girls collected the envelopes and stood before the pastor with bowed heads while he offered the consecration prayer. The amount of the thank-offering was \$26.12, and as ours is a country church and its members possess very moderate means, we felt that they had given generously and that indeed "the silver and the gold are His." We know this is a small sum compared with the thank-offerings sent in by large auxiliaries, but it goes with our prayers, and the confident assurance that the dear Christ who multiplied the loaves and fishes can use even the little to his honor and glory and the advancement of his kingdom in the world.

(MRS.) AUGUSTA H. TODD, *Sec.*

*North Berwick*.—Held thank-offering service in vestry, Sunday evening, June 9. A program consisting of singing, readings, recitals, etc., was given to an appreciative audience. Collection was good—larger than ever. The story, "How the Deacon Talked in Meeting," which we got from Mrs. Avery, was read and was very interesting.

(MRS.) JENNIE GREENLEAF.

VERMONT.—The Williamstown F. B. W. M. S. held their thank-offering service June 30. Miss Ellen Folsom, a returned missionary, spoke, in a very interesting manner, of the customs and life of the people of India. She also showed a number of odd and beautiful things from that land. A letter from Miss Shirley Smith was read, and a few of the small children gave recitations. A collection was taken which amounted to \$11.

(MRS.) GEO. E. JACKSON, *Sec.*

---

"SPEAK well of your friends, and not at all of your enemies."

# Our Juniors.

"When every little hand  
Shall sow the Gospel seed,  
And every little heart  
Shall pray for those in need,

"When every little life  
Such fair, bright record shows,  
Then shall the desert bud  
And blossom like the rose."

## GOD WILL UNDERSTAND.

They brought their flowers to the altar,  
Blossoms of white and red.  
Lilies and violets and roses  
The sweetest of perfumes shed;  
While none of the rich and mighty  
Who lavished their gifts that day,  
Took heed of a child among them  
That timidly pressed her way.

She crept up close to the altar  
And there, 'neath a lily's crown,  
With tender, reverent fingers  
She laid her offering down,  
And said to a curious question,  
As the flowers dropped from her hand,  
"It is only a little daisy,  
But God will understand."

Sweet childish faith! Oh, teach us  
Our *little best* to give,  
Though the works of others are greater  
Than the humble life we live.  
To offer our grateful service  
Forever with loving hand,  
Safe in the blest assurance  
That God will understand.

—Elizabeth Watson.

## "THANK THE LORD, AND GO TO SLEEP."

DEAR JUNIORS:

One dark, rainy evening I sent my syce with a message to our native preacher's house. He returned saying he had delivered it and on the way had killed a snake. I asked, "What kind, and did it bite you?" And he replied, "It did not." Saura, a little native Christian woman, was ill with fever and staying with me. The syce was just spreading his mat, as usual, on the veranda for his night's rest, and when she heard the snake did not bite him, Saura called out cheerily, "Thank the Lord, and go to sleep." What excellent advice she gave him. It is good for *all* times, when God keeps enemies of whatever kind, outward or inward, from harming us. Let us be sure that we always do thank the Lord, and that we do it *before* we go to sleep.

There are many promises in God's Word for those who put their trust in his protecting care. If you do not know the traveler's psalm, learn it by heart. Some of the little brown children in Bhadrak, India, have learned it and repeat

it in concert, not in English, but in their own Oriya language. The last verse is "The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even forevermore." Your missionary, E. E. BARNES.

---

#### AN AFRICAN BABY'S BATH.

HIS mother sets him down in the water (sometimes at the sea-beach, but oftener in the colder river water) and splashes the water up over him. The baby cries, but that makes no difference to the mother; she just goes on throwing the water on him. It would not trouble him so much, except that the river-water is so cold for the little fellow. The water comes from the creeks in the shade of the big trees and the bush, so it is much colder than the sea-water. To put a finishing touch to the bath, the mother lays the baby on her hands and plunges him head first down through the water. The baby comes out of his bath, but he is so cold he is nearly blue. When you were a little baby, did you have a bath that way?

When we were coming from Lolodorf some Ugumba people were going with our company to the beach. One man carried his baby, about a year old, in a deerskin sling supported on his right shoulder. The mother carried a load heavier than the baby, or she would have carried him. It rained for three hours and more, most of the time a heavy rain. The baby had no protection from the rain. He was as wet as cold water could make him for more than three hours. The rest could walk and keep warm, but he could not. He did not die, though it seemed a wonder he did not. Pray that the Holy Spirit may touch and tender the hearts of the fathers and mothers, that they may treat each other differently, and the baby too.—*Oscar Roberts, in Over Sea and Land.*

---

#### A MISSIONARY PRAYER.

BLESSED God, our Father, we thank thee for the Gospel of Christ Jesus. We do bless thee that thou hast given it to us; that thou hast opened our eyes to the light, and given us lives of happiness and peace through the precious knowledge of the dear Son. O make us glad sharers of this light with the many that yet sit in darkness. Let us cease not in our efforts to give it to them until the gladness thereof shall run as a river of joy; till the knowledge of thee shall spread from "sea to sea, and from the rivers to the uttermost ends of the earth." All this we ask in the name of Christ, our Redeemer, the Saviour of all mankind, who loved us, and died for us, and hath made of one blood all nations of men. Amen.—*The Little Worker.*

---

GIVE love as Christ gave it, and love is poured into your own life.



## Cradle-Roll of Little Light-Bearers.

"O the myriads of sweet Little Light-Bearers,  
Shining far and near,  
May the light you bear  
In this world of care  
Grow brighter year by year!"

### CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP.

Children, five years of age and under, become members by enrolment and the payment of a fifteen-cent fee. An equal or larger amount must be given each succeeding year through the mite-box plan.

"Every little mite, every little measure,  
Helps to spread the light, helps to swell the treasure."

### CHILDREN SUPPORTED.

Anundini and Bijou, in Sinclair Orphanage, Balasore, India.

"Over the ocean blue  
The dawn of the Little Light-Bearers  
Means a blessed dawn for you."

### CRADLE-ROLL LIST.\*

*Maine.*—Gardiner, Lewiston (Pine St.), Dover and Foxcroft, Fort Fairfield, Georgetown, Cape Elizabeth, South Portland, Bowdoinham Ridge, East Otisfield, North Berwick, Portland, West Falmouth, Topsham, Island Falls, Steep Falls, North Anson, Pittsfield.

*New Hampshire.*—New Durham, Epsom, Gonic, Dover (Washington St.), Lakeport, Pittsfield.

*Massachusetts.*—Lowell (Paige St.).

*Rhode Island.*—Pawtucket, Providence, Roger Williams, Carolina.

*New York.*—Brooklyn.

*Kansas.*—Half Way.

*Nebraska.*—Lincoln.

*Iowa.*—Lincoln.

*South Dakota.*—Valley Springs.

\* Those that have paid their dues since December, 1899.

# WILL YOU?

Will you read this magazine, from cover to cover, then invite it to come regularly to your home, if you do not have it there already? Will you lend it to a friend, who may become a new subscriber if you ask her?

## Contributions.

### F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

*Receipts for June, 1901.*

#### MAINE.

Anson Q. M. aux. . . . .	\$10.50
Aroostook Q. M. aux. coll. for Miss Coombs	2.07
Brunswick 1st S. S. for Miss Barnes . . . . .	1.00
Brunswick 1st S. S. junior class for Miss Barnes . . . . .	1.00
Crystal ch. (T. O.) . . . . .	2.44
East Corinth aux. T. O. . . . .	6.50
E. Dixfield ch. and Cheerful Givers T. O. . . . .	5.00
E. New Portland aux. . . . .	2.25
Georgetown ch. and aux. Gen. work . . . . .	26.12
Greene aux. \$3.25 from aux. for Miss Coombs \$4.60 T. O. for G. F. . . . .	7.85
Houlton Q. M. aux. \$1.50 from Mich. Coll. \$24 June session at Crystal . . . . .	25.50
Kingfield aux. . . . .	8.98
Kennebunk and Kennebunkport ch. (T. O.) . . . . .	6.00
Lebanon 2d ch. aux. (\$4 Miss Coombs's sal.) (\$6.25 T. O.) . . . . .	10.25
Lewiston Main St. aux. (T. O.) \$20 for L. M. fee of Mrs. A. T. Salley in Gen. Soc. \$2.94 on L. M. fee in Gen. Soc. of Mrs. L. G. Jordan . . . . .	29.94
Lisbon aux. (T. O.) . . . . .	8.00
Lyman ch. (T. O.) H. M. \$1 F. M. \$1 . . . . .	2.00
Litchfield Plains aux. (T. O.) . . . . .	3.00
Mapleton aux. for Paras . . . . .	12.00
New Limerick ch. (T. O.) . . . . .	3.50
No. Shapleigh ch. (T. O.) . . . . .	2.00
Otisfield Q. M. coll. . . . .	4.29
Portland aux. (T. O.) Miss Coombs's salary \$10 Balasore work \$7.47 and Gen. work \$1.50 . . . . .	18.97
Portland aux. Miss Coombs's sal. . . . .	8.24
Springfield Q. M. aux. for Miss Coombs (\$6 to be used on L. M. of Mrs. Ellen R. Hunt) Steep Falls aux. (\$6.50 Mary Wingate S. O. \$4 for Storer and \$8 T. O.) . . . . .	11.00
Saco aux. (\$9.50 Lydia Durgin S. O. \$14.25 Miss Coombs \$17.65 T. O.) . . . . .	10.50
Shapleigh ch. T. O. . . . .	23.65
	1.03

Topsham aux. (\$25 Priscilla Purinton S. O. \$17 Ind. Dept. Storer) . . . . .	\$42.00
W. Bowdoin aux. (\$25 Miss Coombs \$4 Miss Barnes \$6.50 work at Harper's Ferry) . . . . .	35.50
Wells Branch aux. \$9 T. O. for Miss Coombs W. Buxton Mrs. Eunice Scamman (T. O.) . . . . .	13.75
York Co. Conference a friend (T. O.) Miss Coombs . . . . .	1.00
	5.00

#### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Alton dues \$15.25 T. O. \$6.77 juniors .98 for Miss Barnes . . . . .	23.00
Bristol Calley W. M. S. (T. O.) . . . . .	5.00
Danville aux. (T. O.) . . . . .	21.10
Franklin Falls (T. O. \$10.60) . . . . .	21.00
Gonic dues \$7.75 (T. O. \$10 for S. O.) . . . . .	17.75
Hampton aux. (T. O. \$7.20) . . . . .	21.20
Lakeport aux. (T. O. \$22.71) . . . . .	27.71
Lakeport junior \$4 C. R. \$3.06 . . . . .	7.06
Leighton's Corner . . . . .	6.06
Lisbon Asso. . . . .	4.04
Littleton S. S. for Miss Barnes . . . . .	4.00
Littleton aux. (T. O. \$8) . . . . .	16.00
Littleton Mrs. Henry Chase . . . . .	.50
Madison Mrs. E. C. Cook \$1 Mrs. Millie Burke \$1 . . . . .	2.00
Manchester ch. (T. O.) . . . . .	11.40
Manchester Mrs. O. D. Patch dues . . . . .	1.00
Milton dues \$3 (T. O. \$8.16 on L. M. Mrs. F. E. Carver . . . . .	11.16
New Durham dues \$5 (T. O. \$2.75) . . . . .	7.75
New Durham Q. M. coll. . . . .	3.84
New Hampton (T. O. \$7) . . . . .	12.00
Rochester juniors 2 shares Miss Barnes's salary . . . . .	8.00
So. Newbury Mrs. M. W. Cheney . . . . .	1.79
W. Lebanon . . . . .	7.00
Waterloo Mrs. Leonard Stewart . . . . .	2.00
Whitefield aux. (T. O. \$8.50) . . . . .	10.00
Wolfeboro . . . . .	7.00

## VERMONT.

Albany ch. (T. O. for Dr. Smith) . . . . .	\$4.00
Corinth 2d ch. for Dr. Smith . . . . .	5.00
No. Danville (T. O. for Dr. Smith) . . . . .	6.10
Orange Co. Asso. Coll. for Dr. Smith . . . . .	4.00
St. Johnsbury a friend for Dr. Smith . . . . .	5.00
Washington aux. for Dr. Smith . . . . .	1.50
West Derby (T. O. for Dr. Smith) . . . . .	5.20
Wheelock Asso. for Dr. Smith . . . . .	3.63
Williamstown . . . . .	4.00

## MASSACHUSETTS.

Amesbury Mrs. L. R. Moulton \$1 Mrs. C. M. Lamprey \$1 Maggie Brown .25 (T. O.) . . . . .	2.25
Lowell Chelmsford St. aux. \$6.25 for native teacher \$2 for Storer . . . . .	8.25
Lowell Paige St. aux. \$33.15 (T. O. \$25 "Sagri" and \$5 Dom. Science Storer) . . . . .	63.15
Lowell Paige St. primary for Miss Barnes . . . . .	4.00
Lynn High St. aux. for native teacher . . . . .	6.25
Somerville aux. (T. O.) . . . . .	16.00
Wilbraham Irene Davis C. R. . . . .	.15
Worcester women of F. B. ch. (T. O.) . . . . .	4.62

## RHODE ISLAND.

Arlington aux. Miss Phillips . . . . .	4.50
Arlington aux. Miss Phillips (T. O.) . . . . .	5.00
Arlington aux. Ind. Dept. (T. O.) . . . . .	6.53
Blackstone aux. Ind. Dept. . . . .	4.00
Blackstone aux. Miss Phillips . . . . .	2.00
Carolina aux. Miss Phillips (T. O.) . . . . .	7.00
Carolina aux. Ind. Dept. (T. O.) . . . . .	7.00
Chepachet S. S. Children's Day coll. for Miss Barnes . . . . .	2.25
Chepachet Harold I. Frost for Miss Barnes . . . . .	1.00
East Killingly aux. Miss Phillips . . . . .	2.50
E. Killingly Ind. Dept. . . . .	2.50
Greenville aux. Ind. Dept. . . . .	10.00
Greenville aux. Ind. Dept. (T. O.) . . . . .	5.00
Greenville aux. Miss Phillips . . . . .	10.00
Greenville aux. Miss Phillips (T. O.) . . . . .	7.00
No. Scituate aux. Miss Phillips . . . . .	2.50
Pawtucket 1st F. B. Y. P. Soc. for kindergarten . . . . .	5.00
Pascoag aux. Miss Phillips . . . . .	10.00
Pascoag aux. Ind. Dept. . . . .	5.00
Providence Park St. aux. Ind. Dept. . . . .	10.00
Providence Park St. (T. O.) Miss Phillips . . . . .	6.00
Providence Roger Williams F. B. Y. P. S. C. E. for kindergarten . . . . .	18.75
Providence Elmwood Ave. Ind. Dept. . . . .	22.00
R. I. Dist. Miss. Soc. for Gen. Work . . . . .	1.00
R. I. Dist. (through Dr. M. Bachelor left from her expenses) Miss Phillips . . . . .	2.06
Ditto Ind. Dept. . . . .	3.10
R. I. Asso. coll. Ind. Dept. . . . .	6.03
Taunton aux. Miss Phillips . . . . .	5.50

## NEW YORK.

Fabius a friend . . . . .	1.00
Fabius Mrs. Sarah Fellows . . . . .	.50
Friends . . . . .	.30
Poland W. M. S. \$15.10 Mem. fees. \$20.88 (T. O. coll. F. M. \$15 \$5.88 H. M.) . . . . .	35.98
Summer Hill Mrs. Hattie Mosher . . . . .	1.00
Summer Hill Mr. Albert Mosher . . . . .	1.00

## PENNSYLVANIA.

Lake View ch. juniors for Miss Barnes . . . . .	3.00
---	------

## OHIO.

Rio Grande Willing Workers for famine orphan . . . . .	\$1.00
Rio Grande a friend . . . . .	9.00

## ILLINOIS.

Ava juniors for Miss Barnes . . . . .	3.00
Murphysboro children's mite box offering Miss Barnes . . . . .	5.50
Murphysboro W. M. S. (T. O.) for F. M. . . . .	4.00

## MICHIGAN.

E. Rome S. S. for Miss Barnes . . . . .	1.20
Gobleville (T. O.) . . . . .	5.50

## MINNESOTA.

Brainard W. M. S. (T. O.) . . . . .	21.00
Hennepin Q. M. W. M. S. for F. M. . . . .	3.60
Minneapolis 1st F. B. ch. W. M. S. for F. M. (T. O. \$23.80) . . . . .	25.00
Winnebago City Little Light Bearers . . . . .	1.77
Winnebago Q. M. W. M. S. for Miss Moody's salary . . . . .	12.38

NOTE.—The \$40 from Winnebago City in May Receipts constitutes Mrs. Carrie Ashbaugh Willisford and Mrs. Beatrice Merrill Annis L. Ms. also Lucy Phillips Durgin is made L. M. by contributions of Miss Benedict.

## IOWA.

Aurora aux. for Miss Scott . . . . .	5.30
Black Hawk and Buchanan Q. M. . . . .	2.80
Central City aux. for Miss Scott . . . . .	10.00
Delaware and Clayton Q. M. for Miss Scott . . . . .	2.55
Fairbank aux. . . . .	1.75
Lamont aux. Miss Scott . . . . .	2.10
Little Cedar aux. Miss Scott . . . . .	5.00
Lincoln Miss Scott . . . . .	7.00
Lincoln Band for Miss Barnes . . . . .	2.90
Lincoln Cradle-Roll Miss Scott . . . . .	.75
Q. M. coll. (Cedar Valley) Miss Scott . . . . .	4.75
Six Mile Grove aux. Miss Scott . . . . .	4.25
Spencer W. M. S. Miss Scott . . . . .	11.00
Waubeck aux. Miss Scott . . . . .	1.30

## KANSAS.

Concordia Mrs. H. Ashley for Miss Barnes . . . . .	.23
Fairview Union S. S. Children's Day coll. for Miss Barnes . . . . .	3.30
Summit F. B. S. S. for Miss Barnes . . . . .	2.06

## CALIFORNIA.

Santa Ana Mrs. L. A. Hill and Miss C. E. Leavitt (T. O. for F. M.) . . . . .	10.00
--	-------

## NEW BRUNSWICK.

Tracy Station membership in C. R. of Miss Katherine Amelia Hartley . . . . .	.15
--	-----

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Income for Inc. Fund . . . . .	25.00
--------------------------------	-------

Total . . . . . \$1165.05

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, Treas.

Ocean Park, Me.

per EDYTH R. PORTER, Asst. Treas.

## FORM OF BEQUEST.

I GIVE and bequeath the sum of ——— to the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society, a corporation of the state of Maine.

